

gagaku

I was sent to clean out a dead woman's apartment
there was a manuscript
various "spiritual" writings
she had been struck on the yogi brahmins
gurus from india
and this was not my type
of writing
she died old and mad
first screaming profanity
at her neighbors
before passing away

now the manuscript
gathers dust in a garage
I showed it to a fellow writer
and he said no like first I'd said no
but something
keeps me from throwing
it totally out

she has no
relatives for me to
pass it to

maybe she was
a van gogh like genius
and my shallow eye can't
pick it up
oh impossible!
yet let some other human
judge it when he cleans
out the garage
after my old mad
death

gagaku

I fed the sparrows this morning
half of them have
red feathers on their
chest
I prefer them to demons